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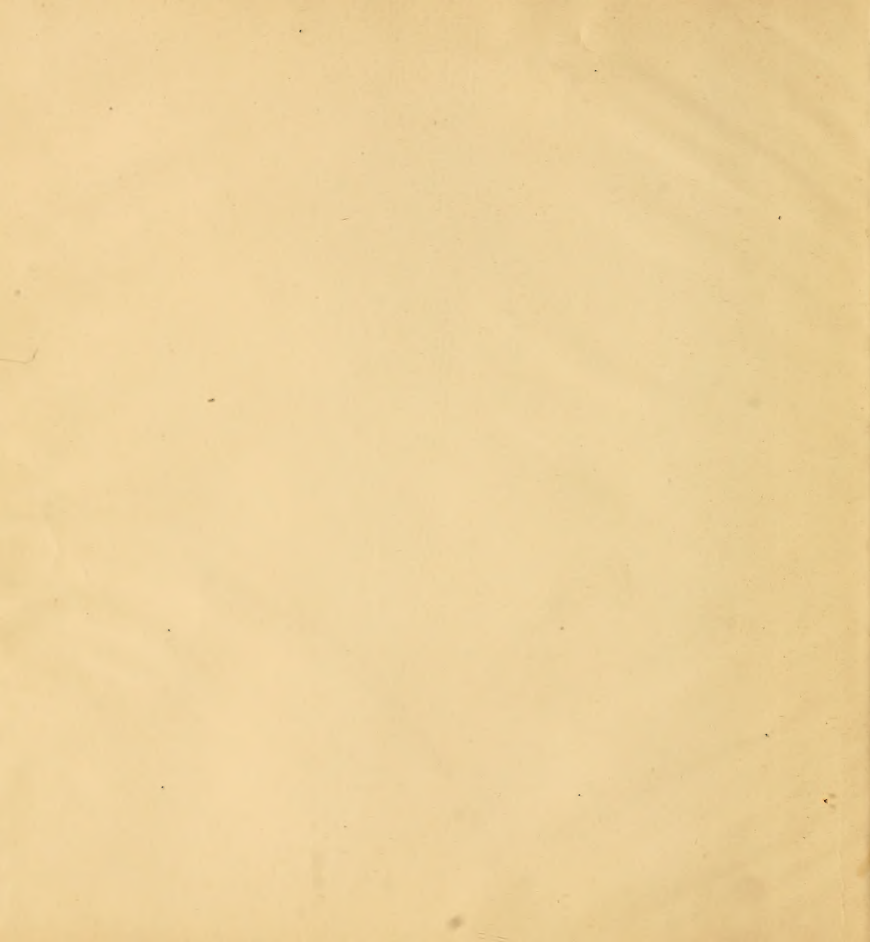
PR 1191.

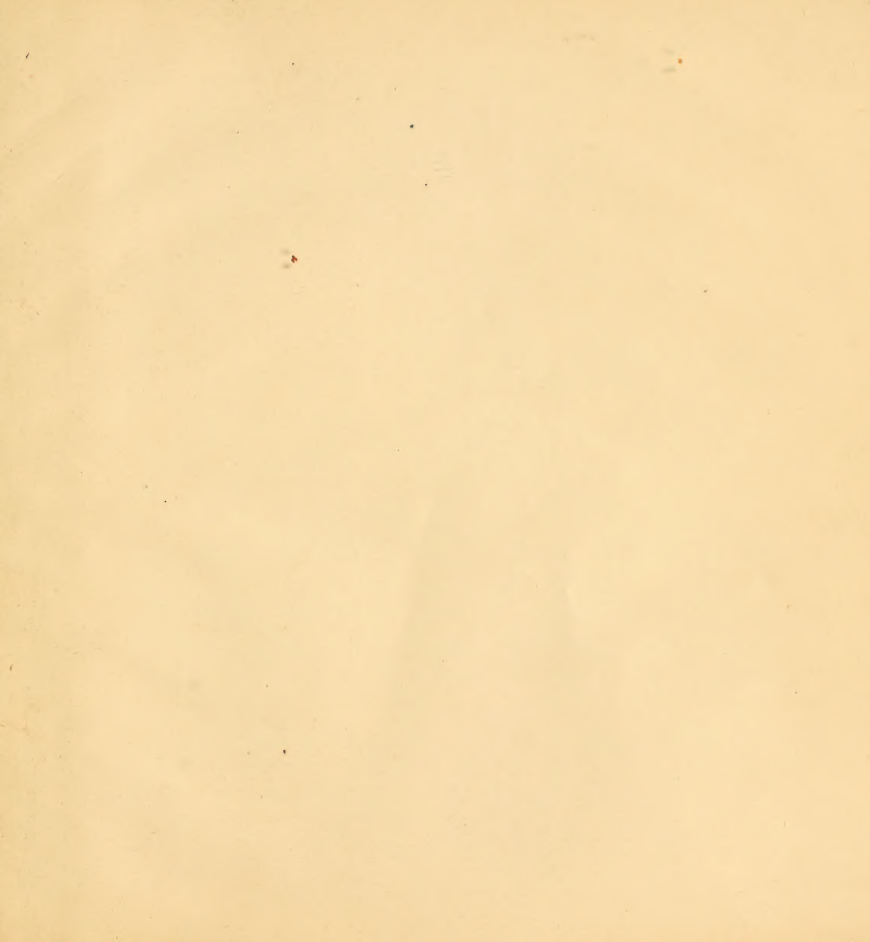
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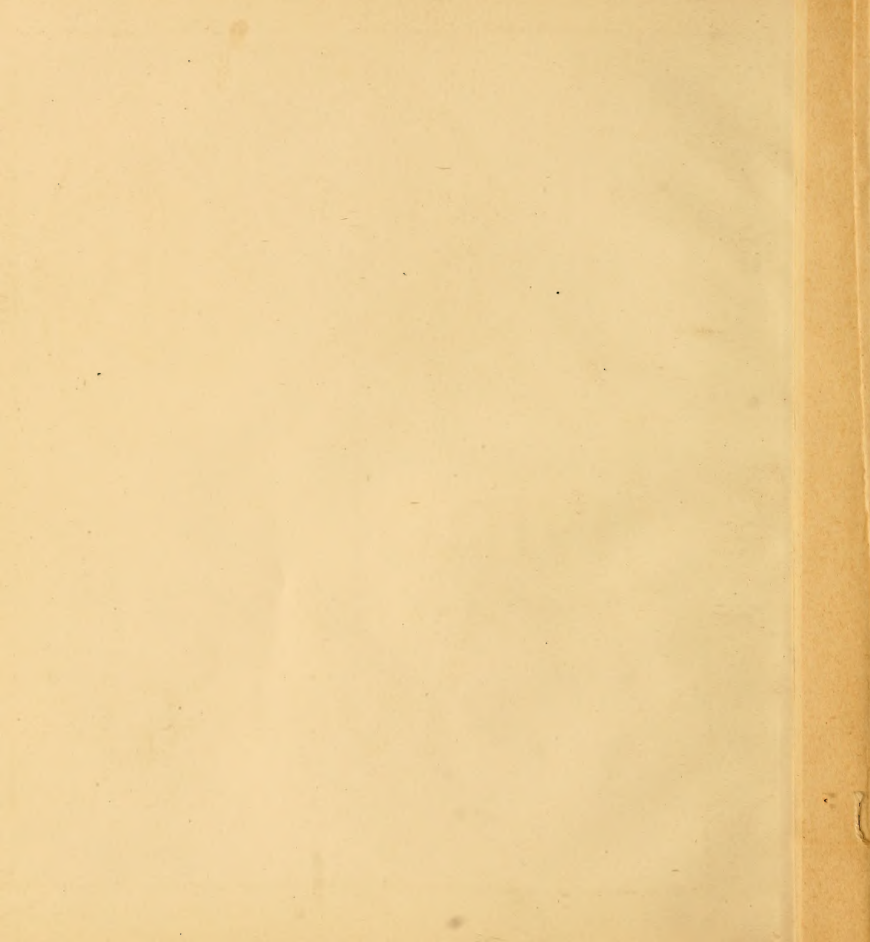
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.











Living
Waters.







Living Waters

Compiled by

ALICE L. WILLIAMS.

Illustrated by

LOUIS K. HARLOW

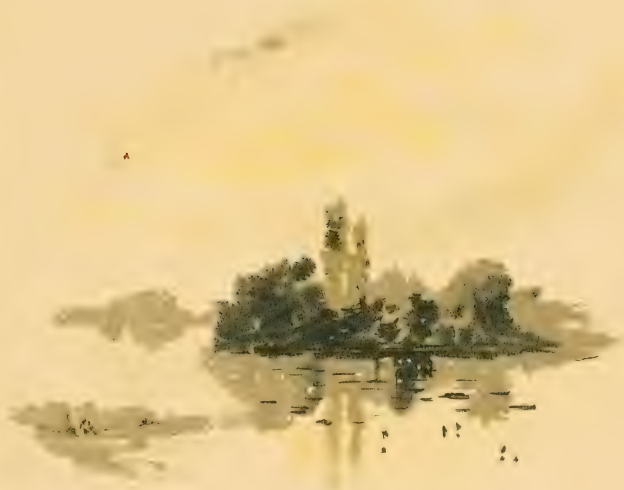


BOSTON,

SAMUEL E. CASSINO.

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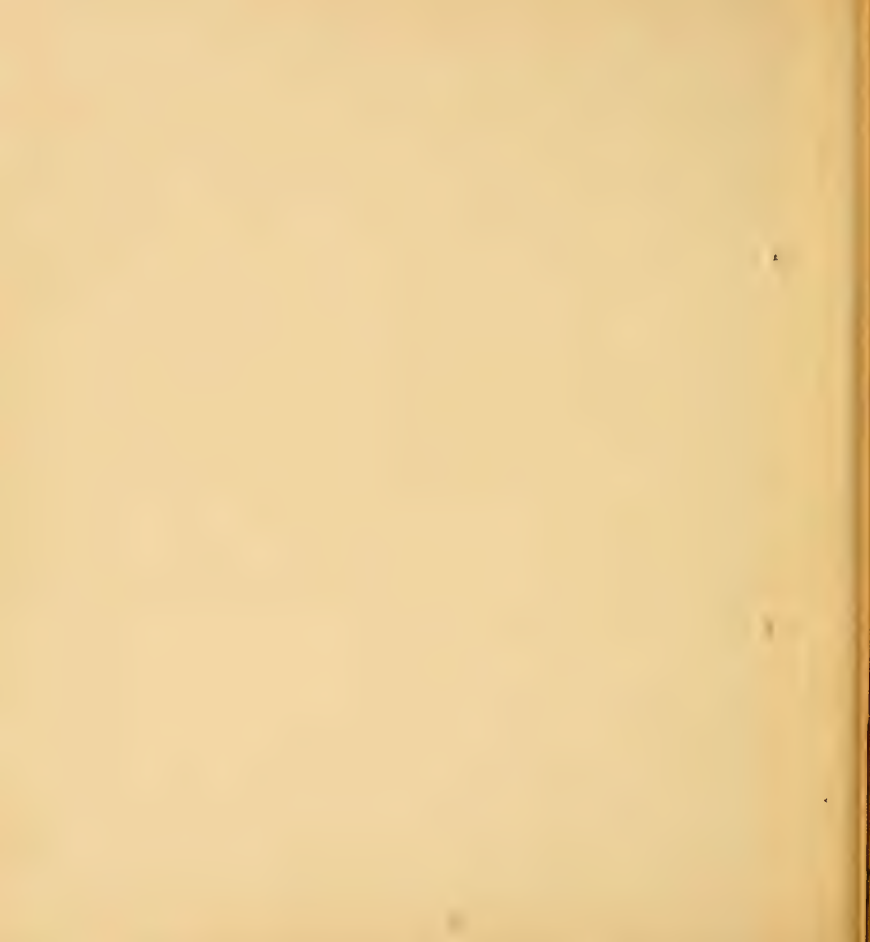
PR 1171
V. 17



O stream of love !
If thou should'st come upon a rock of hate,
Rippling around it softly move, And wait
Till by the rains of grace from heaven fed,
Thou shalt thy waves of mercy o'er it spread!

1st Day

A. E. HAMILTON.





Labor is sweeter, for Thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Yet not our works with self be soiled,
Nor in unwise ways ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
Oh gentle Jesus! be our light.

F. W. FABER.

2nd Day



Old Past let go, and drop i' the sea
E'ill fathomless waters cover thee!
For I am living but thou art dead;
Thou drawest back, I strive ahead
The Day to find.



Thy shells unbind! Night comes behind.
I needs must hurry with the wind
And trim me best for sailing.

SIDNEY LAPIER

3^d Day





These odors blest, these gracious flowers,
These sweet sounds that around us rise,
Give tidings of the heavenly bowers,
Prelude the angelic harmonies.

O mercies kindly incomplete!

Dear joys our hearts that may not fill!

Strange grace! that in Thy gifts most sweet
We read of gifts diviner still.

J. H. GILL.

4th Day





Now ends the hour's communion, near and high:
We have heard whispers from the mountain's heart,
And life henceforth is nobler. With a sigh
Of grateful sadness, let us now depart,
And seek our lower levels.

5th Day

LUCY LARCOM.

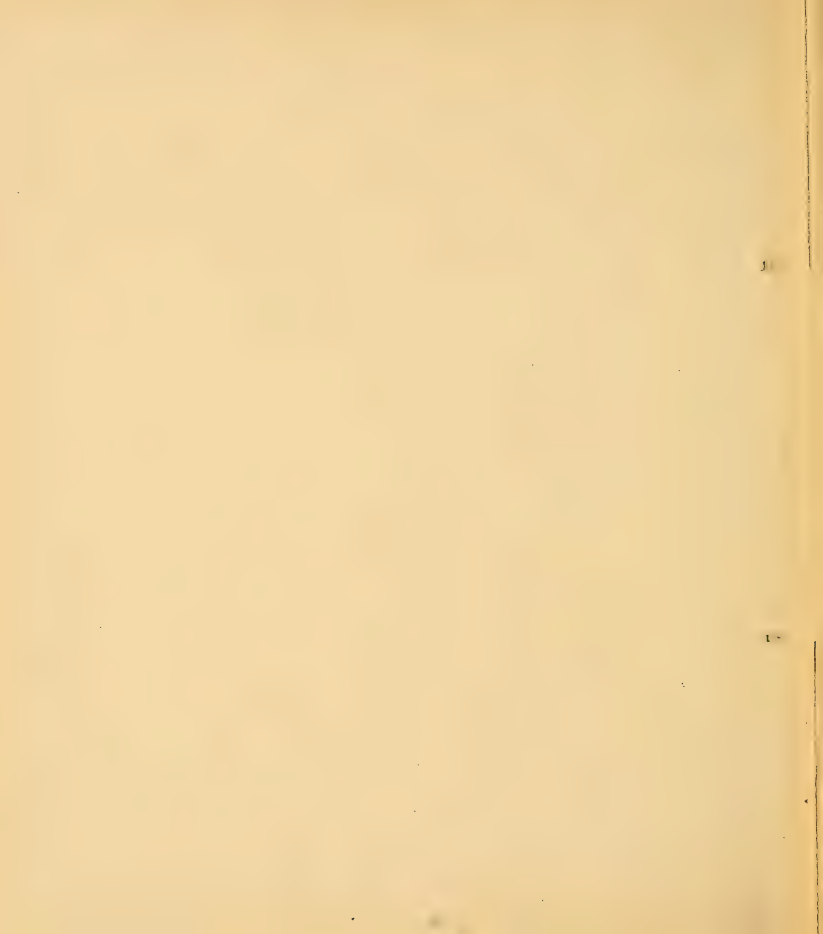


Moses asked of God where He was, and
God said: Know that when thou hast
sought thou hast already found me.

ARABIC



6th Day





Thou strong and loving Son of Man,
Redeemer from the bonds of sin,
'Tis thou the living spark dost fan,
That sets my breast on fire within.
Thou openest heaven once more to men,
The soul's true home, thy Kingdom, Lord,
And I can trust and hope again,
And feel myself akin to God.

NOVALIS.

7th Day





Upon the troubled soul which seeks
Him His consolations increase "with the
gentleness of a sea which caresses the
shore it covers."

[W. FARRAR]





So oft the doing of God's will
Our foolish wills undoeth!
And yet what idle dream breaks ill,
Which morning light subdueth;
And who would murmur or misdoubt
Where God's great surmise finds him out?

E·B·BROWNING·

9th Day



O thou, God's mariner, hear of mine!
Spread canvas to the airs divine,
Spread sail, and let thy Fortune be
Forgotten in thy Destiny.

L. A. Wyse, 11.







O God of terrors! what are we?—
Poor insects, spark'd with thought!
Thy whisper, Lord, a word from thee
 Could smite us into nought!
But shouldst thou wreck our fatherland,
And mix it with the deep,
Safe in the hollow of thine hand
 Thy little ones would sleep.

EBENEZER ELLIOT.





“Their soul shall be like a watered garden.”
“Thou shalt be like a watered garden,
And like a spring of water, whose waters
fail not.”

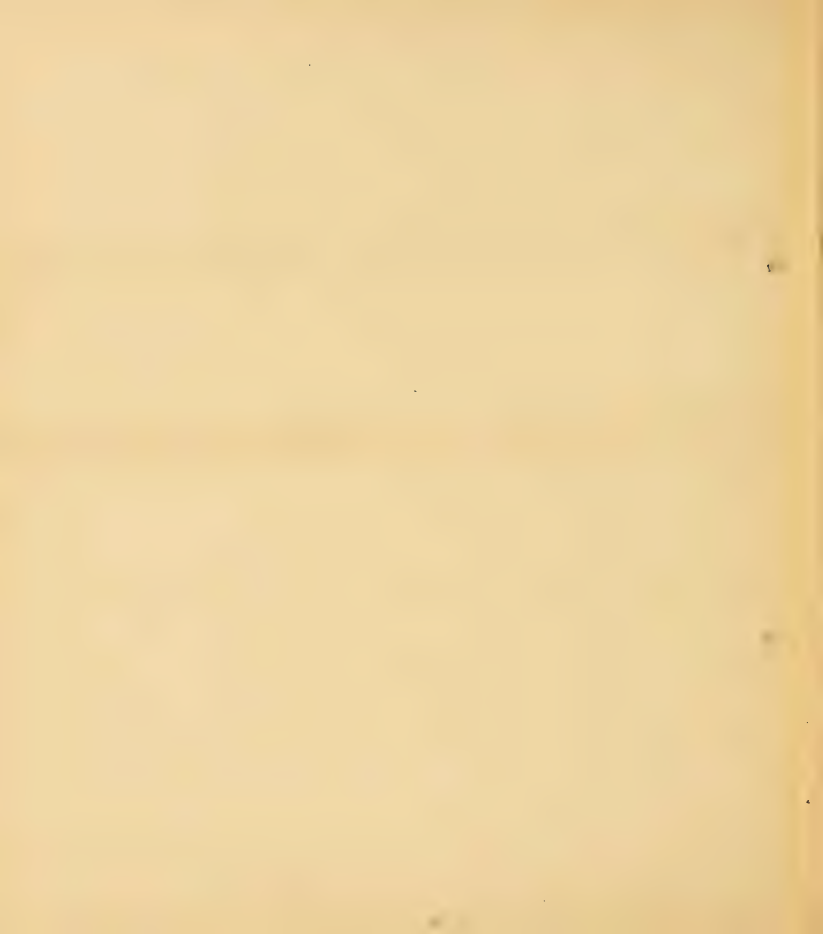


He watereth the hills from his
chambers: the earth is satisfied
with the fruit of thy works.

PSALMS, CIV. 13.



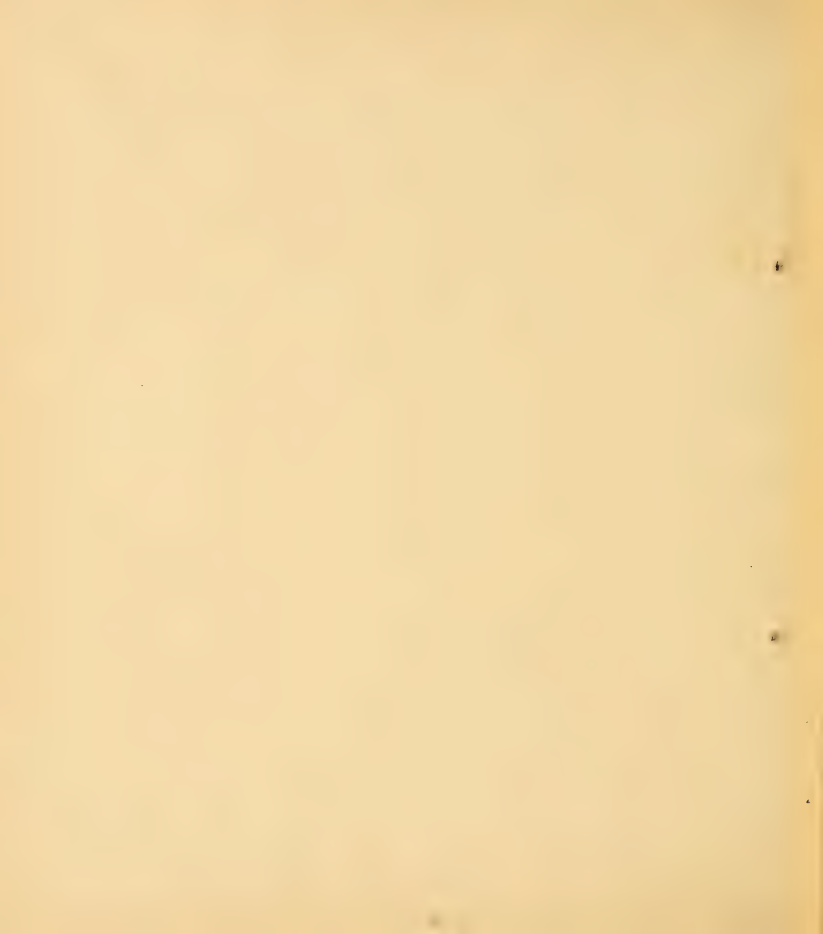
13th Day





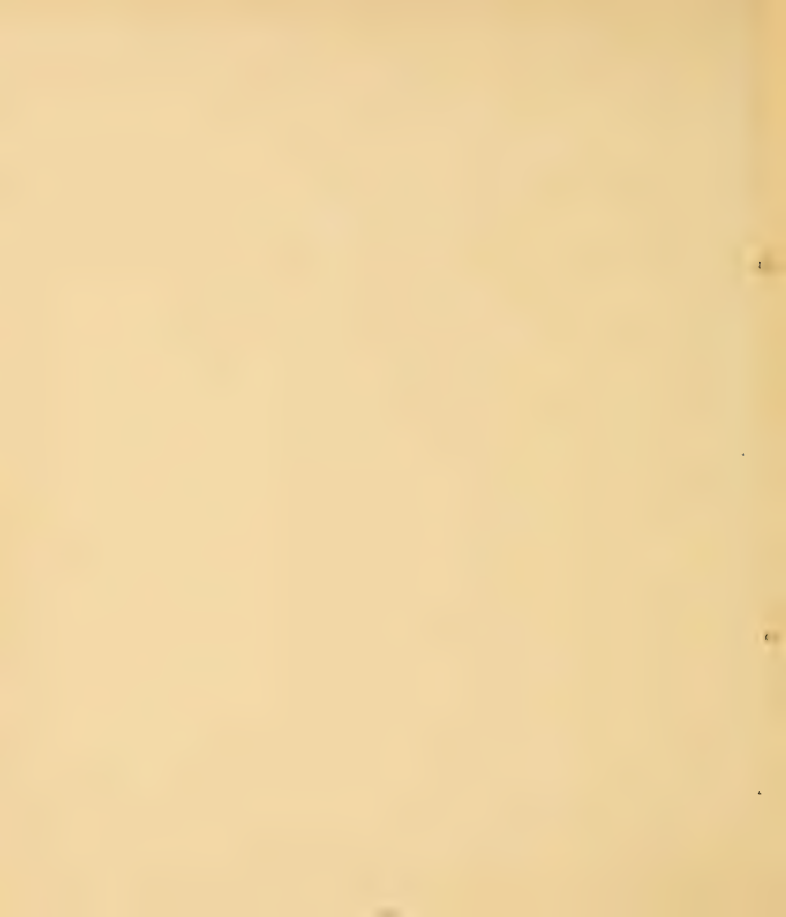
Nearer and nearer, Lord, and nearer still,
Thy work begun, fulfill;
Shape all my life according to thy will.
 Thou knowest how I aspire;
 Accept my strong desire,
Hope, heart and mind - my spirit's deepest deep;
 Take all to feed and keep,
Till my whole soul to love's full flower is blown,
And love's full flower to perfect fruit is grown.

H. N. POWERS.





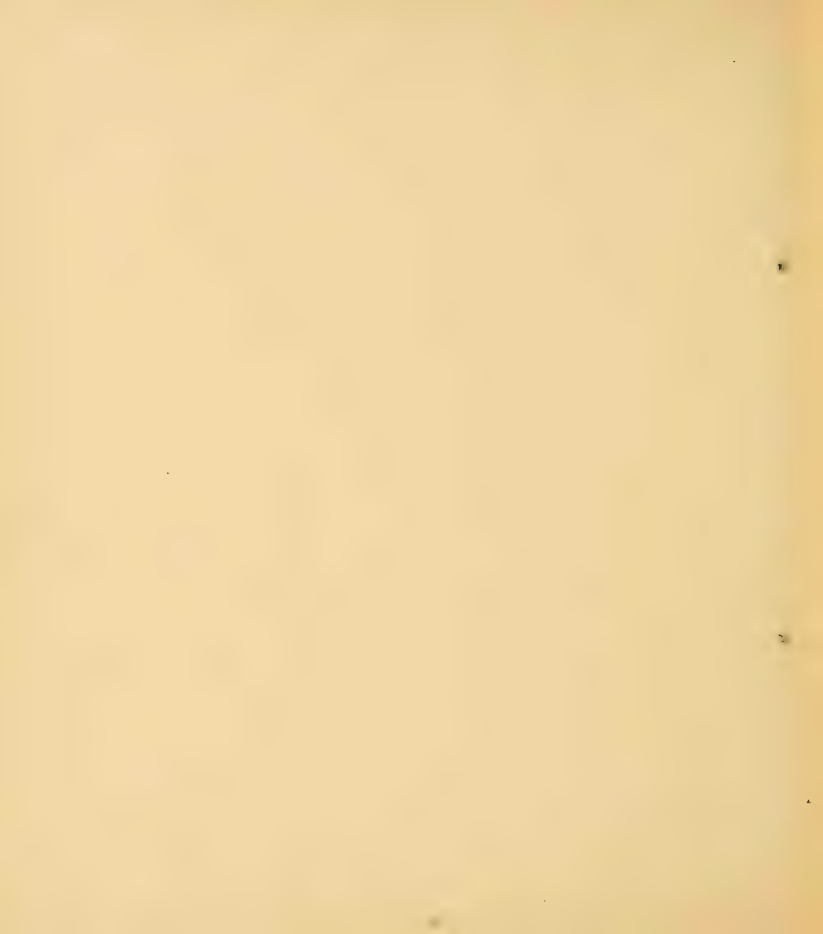
Let me go where'er I will,
I hear a sky-born music still.
It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard;
But in the darkest, meanest things,
There always, always something sings.





The emerald lands,
With love-clasped hands,
In smiling peace below outspread;
Around me rise
The amber skies,
A dome of glory o'er my head.

C. G. A. H. S.



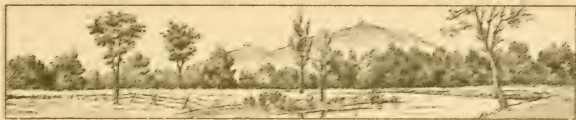
The world dares say no more for its
device than "Dum Spiro Spero;" but the
children of God can add by virtue of a
living hope "Dum Ex-spiro Spero."

LEIGHTON.



17th Decy





"O Earth! thou hast not any wind that blows
That is not music: every weed of thine,
Pressed rightly, flows in aromatic wine:
And every humble hedgerow flower
that grows,
And every little brown bird that
doth sing,
Hath something greater than itself,
and bears
A living word to every living thing,
Albeit it holds the message unawares."





How shall I do to love?
Believe.
How shall I do to believe?
Love.

LEIGHTON

19th Day





The many waves of thought,
The mighty tides,
The ground-swell that rolls up
From other lands,
From far-off worlds, from dim,
Eternal shores,
Whose echo dashes on life's
Wave-worn strands,—
This vague, dark tumult of
The inner sea
Grows calm, grows bright,
O risen Lord, in Thee!

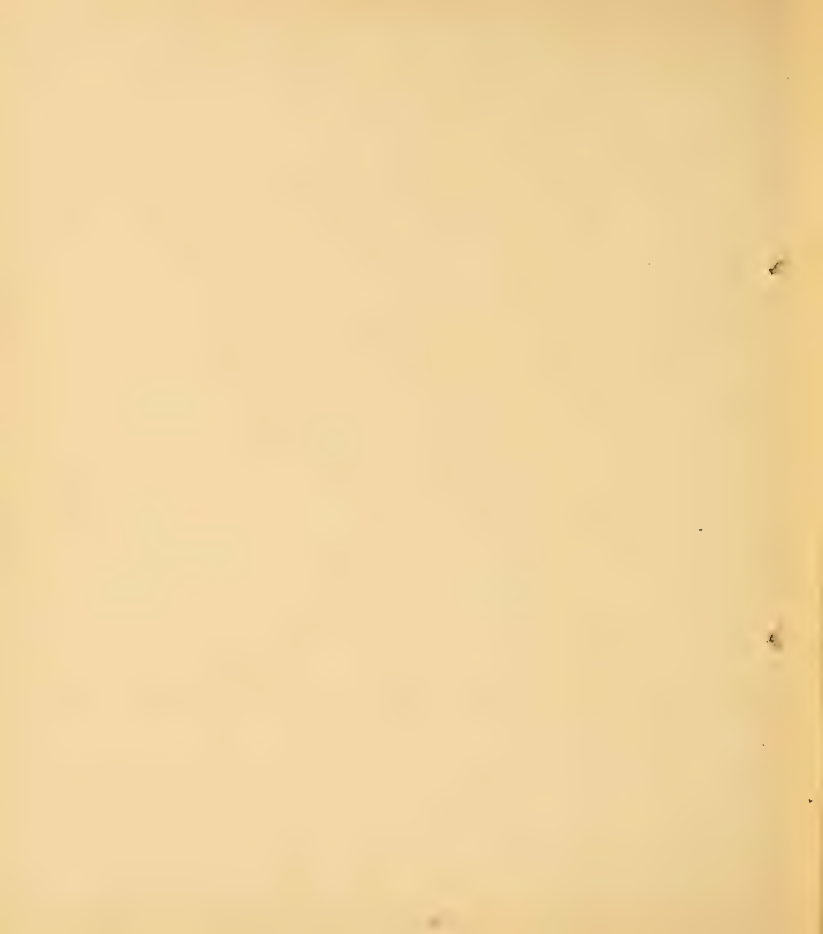
20th Day

H. B. STOWE.



Love is the goal, love is the way we wend,
Love is our parallel unending line
Whose only perfect Parallel is Christ,
Beginning not begun, End without end;
For He who hath the heart of God sufficed,
Can satisfy all hearts, - yea, thine and mine.

C. C. ROSSETT.





Life's mystery—deep, restless, as the ocean—
Hath surged and waited for ages to and fro;
Earth's generations watch its ceaseless motion,
As in and out its hollow roarings flow.
Shivering and yearning by that unknown sea,
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in Thee!

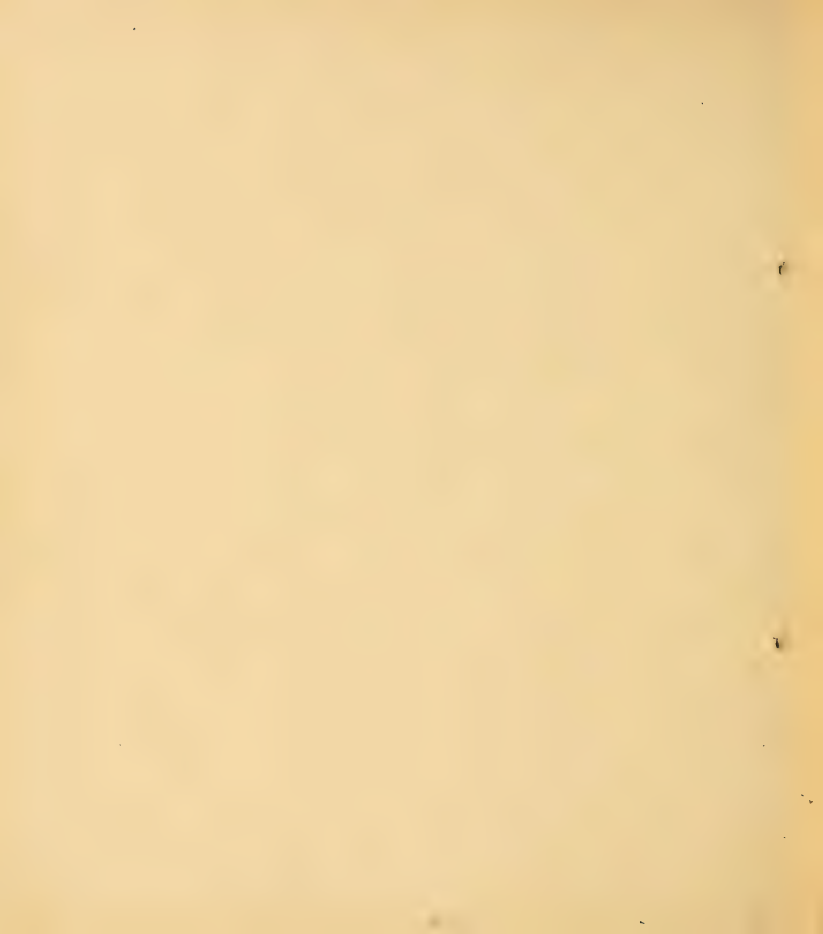
H. B. STOWE.



Take thy hand and fears grow still;
Behold thy face and doubts remove;
Who would not yield his wavering will
To perfect Truth, and boundless Love?

SAMUEL JOHNSON.



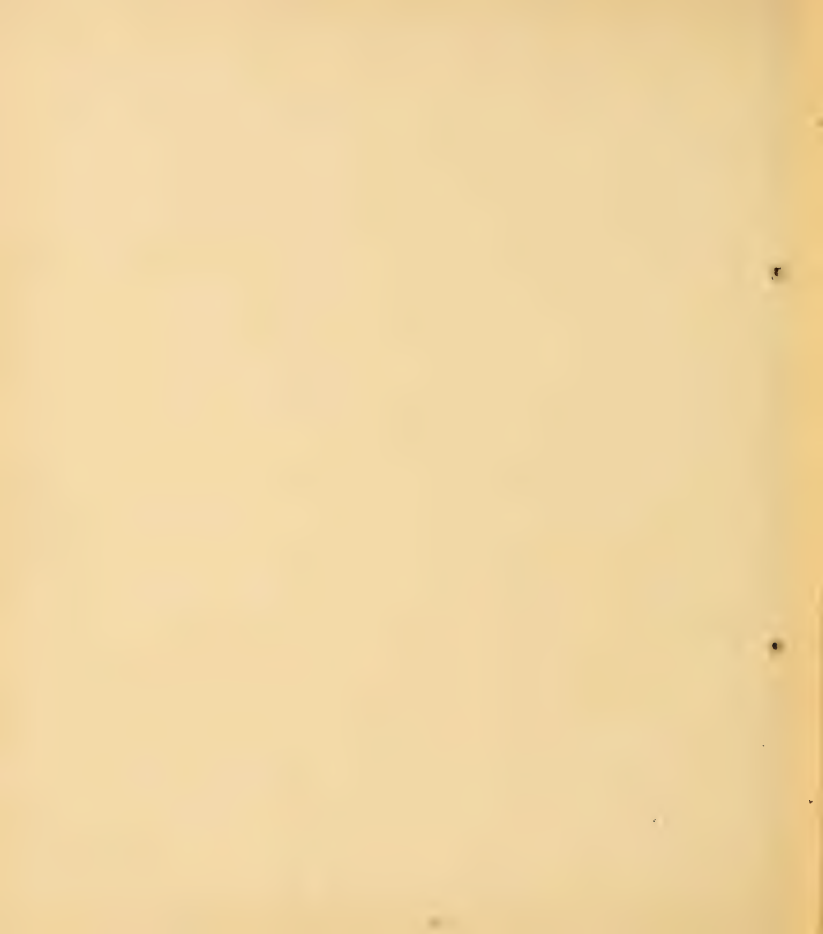




Goodness Divine, which from itself
doth spurn
All envy, burning in itself,
so sparkles
That the eternal beauties it unfolds,
Whatever from this immediately distils
Has afterward no end, for ne'er removed
Is its impression when it sets its seal.

DANTE.

24th Day



To live, to live is life's great joy.— to feel
The living God within.— to look abroad,
And in the beauty that all things reveal,
Still meet the living God.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

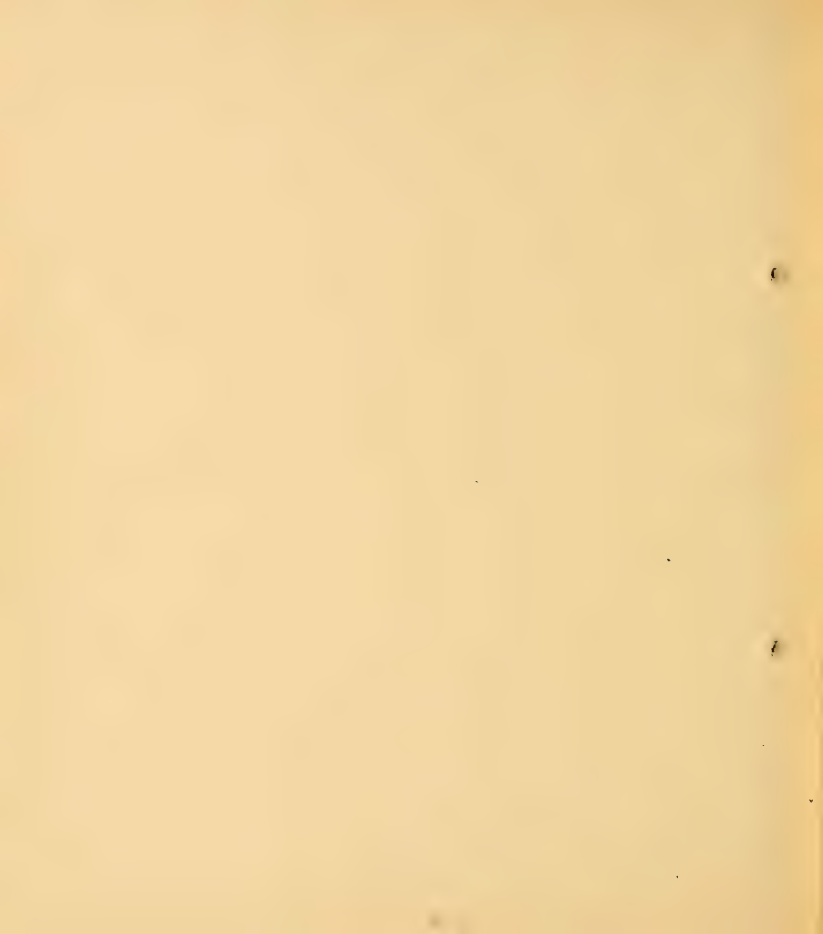






On the swift-rushing and invisible tide,
Small tokens drift adown from far, fair lands,
And say to us, who in the desert bide:
"Are you athirst? Are there no sheaves to bind?
Beloved, here is fullness; follow on and find."

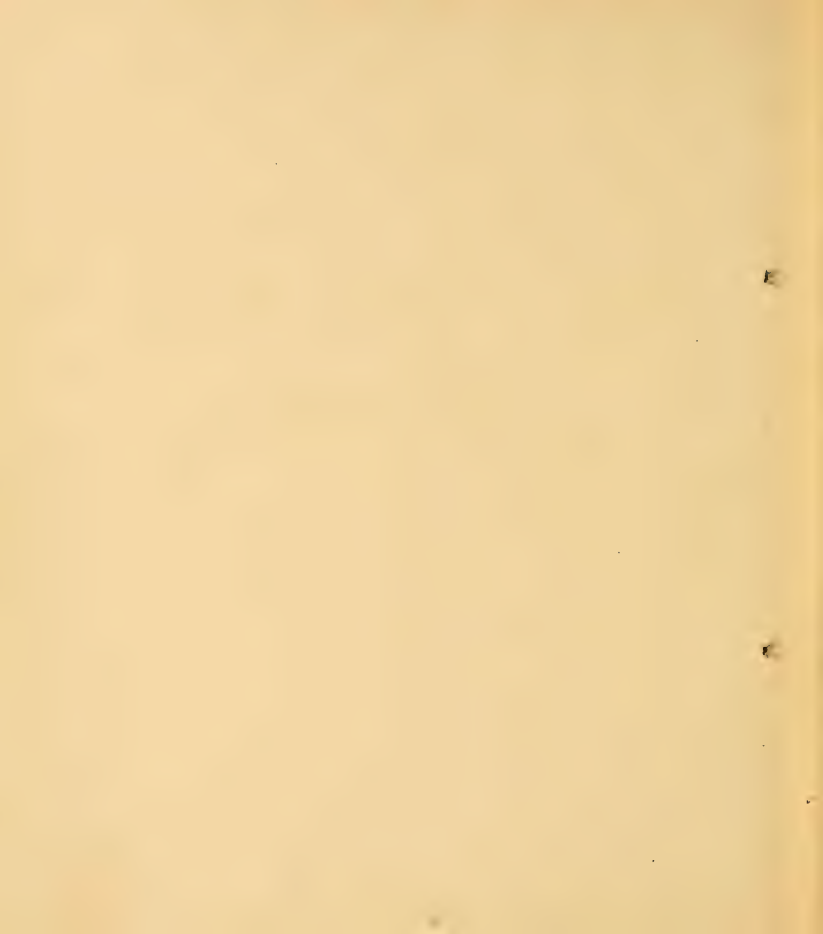
STUART COOLIDGE.





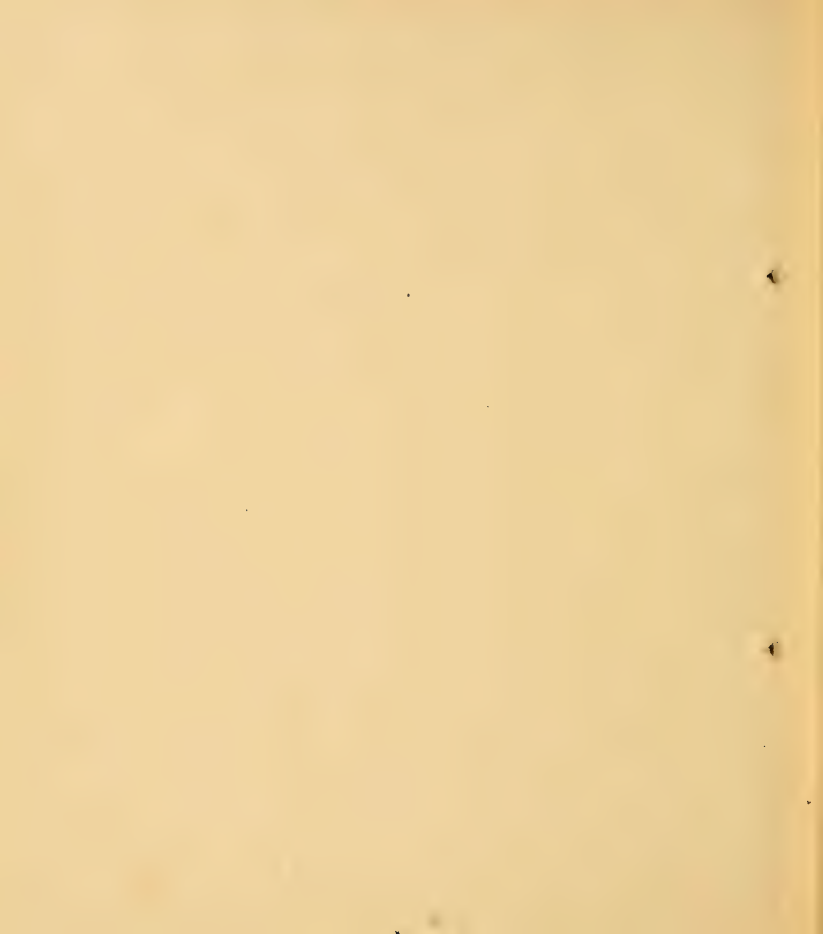
“Whoever may
Discern true ends here shall grow
pure enough
To love them, brave enough to strive
for them,
And strong enough to reach them,
though the roads be rough.”

27th Day





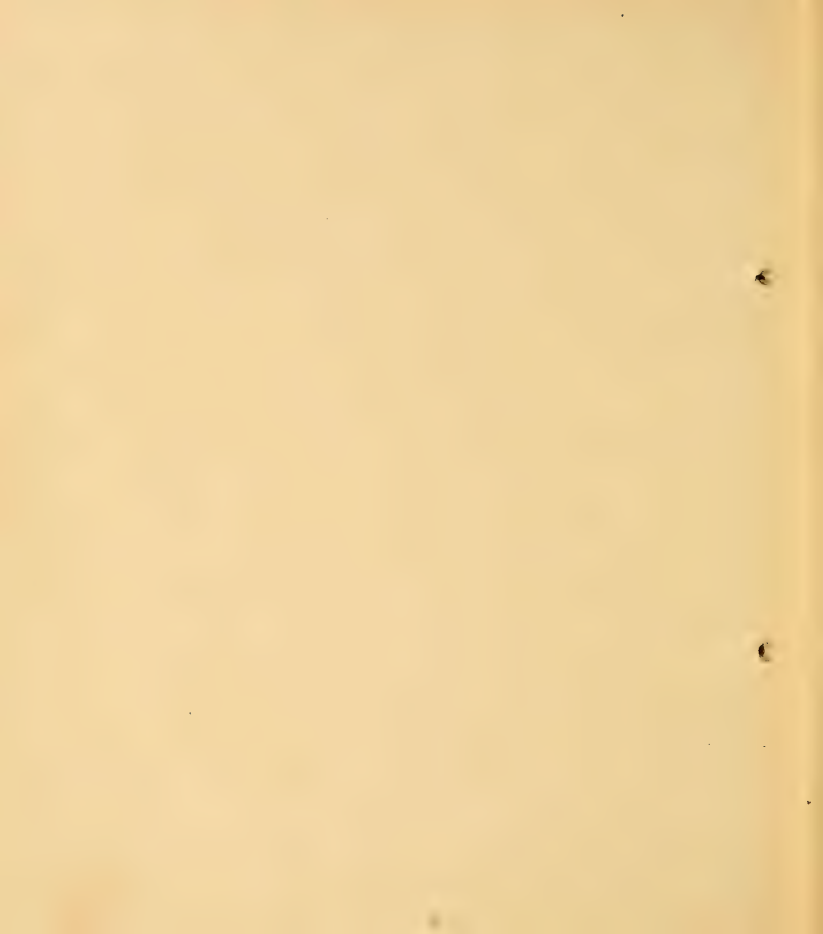
“Love is the invisible, golden thread, that holds
This pendant world secure to Heaven’s base—
Finer than finest hair, yet stronger far
Than mighty Atlas, whose broad shoulder’s bent
And failed beneath the weight.”



It is the idea, the feeling and the love
God means mankind should strive for
and show forth,
Whatever be the process to that end—
And not historic Knowledge, logic, sound,
And metaphysical acumen, sure!

ROBERT-BROWNING.







I but open my eyes, and perfection,
no more and no less,
In the kind I imagined, full-fronts me,
and God is seen God
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh,
in the soul and the clod.
And thus looking within and around me,
I ever renew
(With that stoop of the soul which in
bending upraises it too)
The submission of man's nothing-perfect
to God's all-complete,
As by each new obeisance of spirit
I climb to His feet.

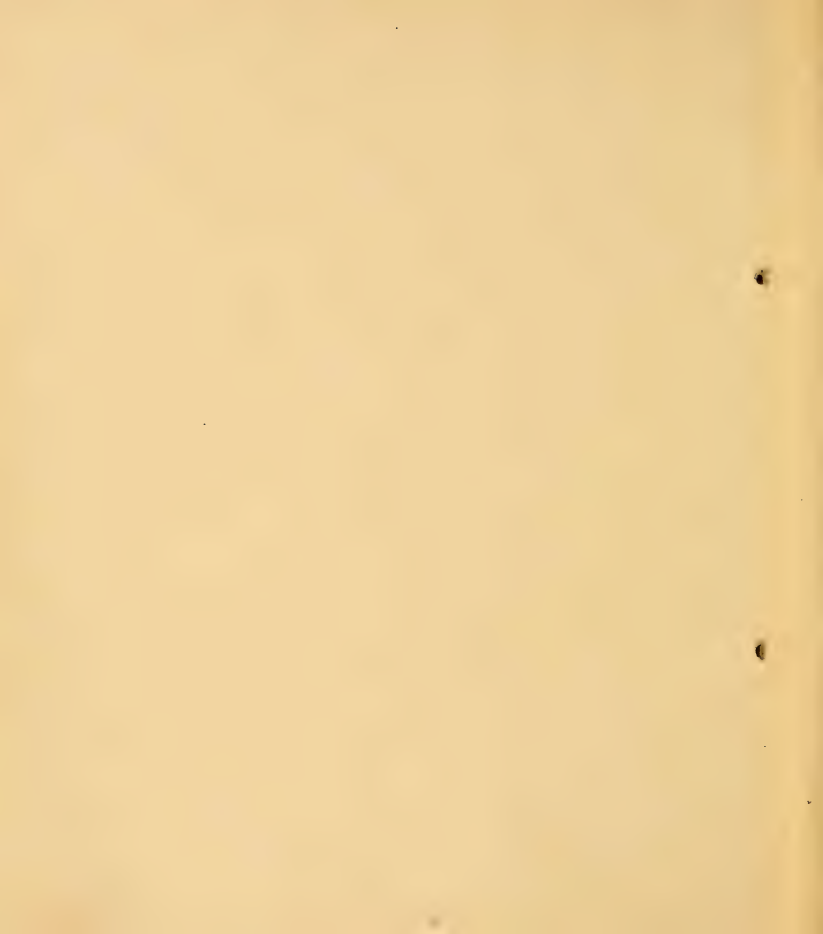
ROBERT BROWNING.

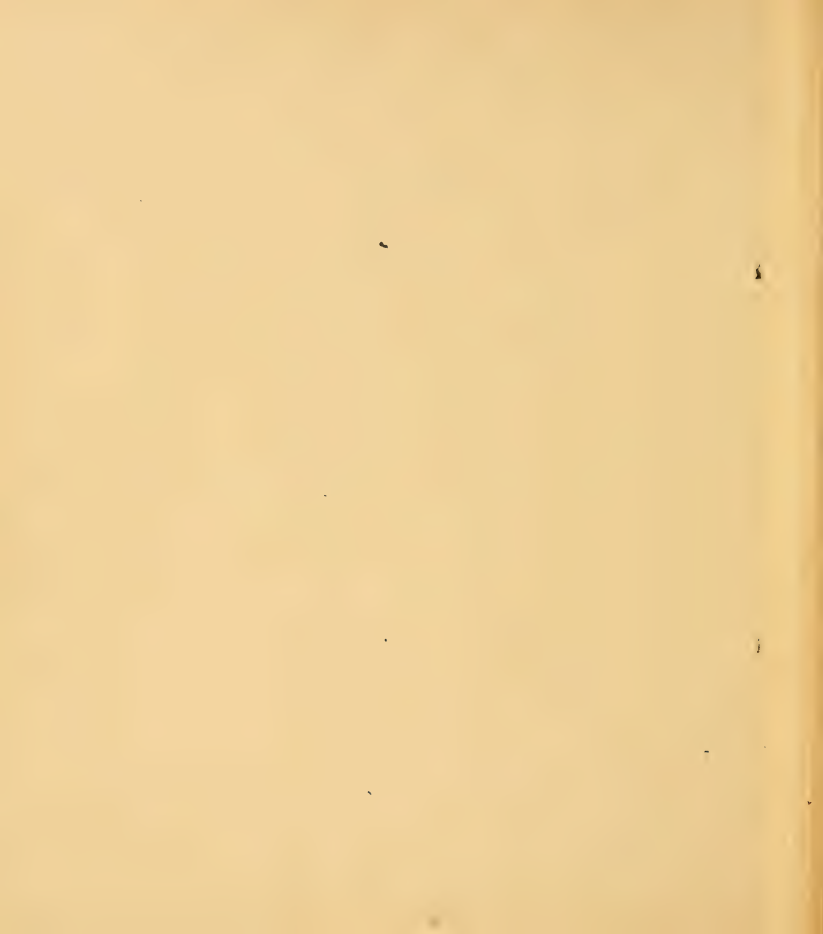
30th Day



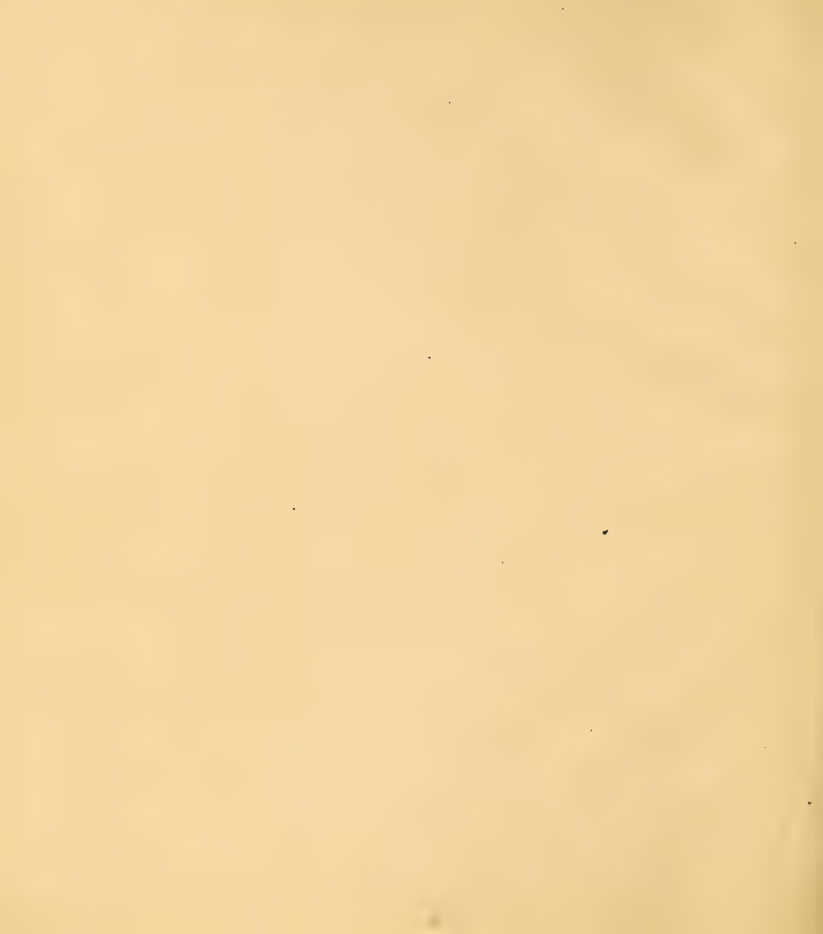
“Trust in His love through all joy
and all sorrow,
Changeless is He both today
and to-morrow,
Love is forever His name.”

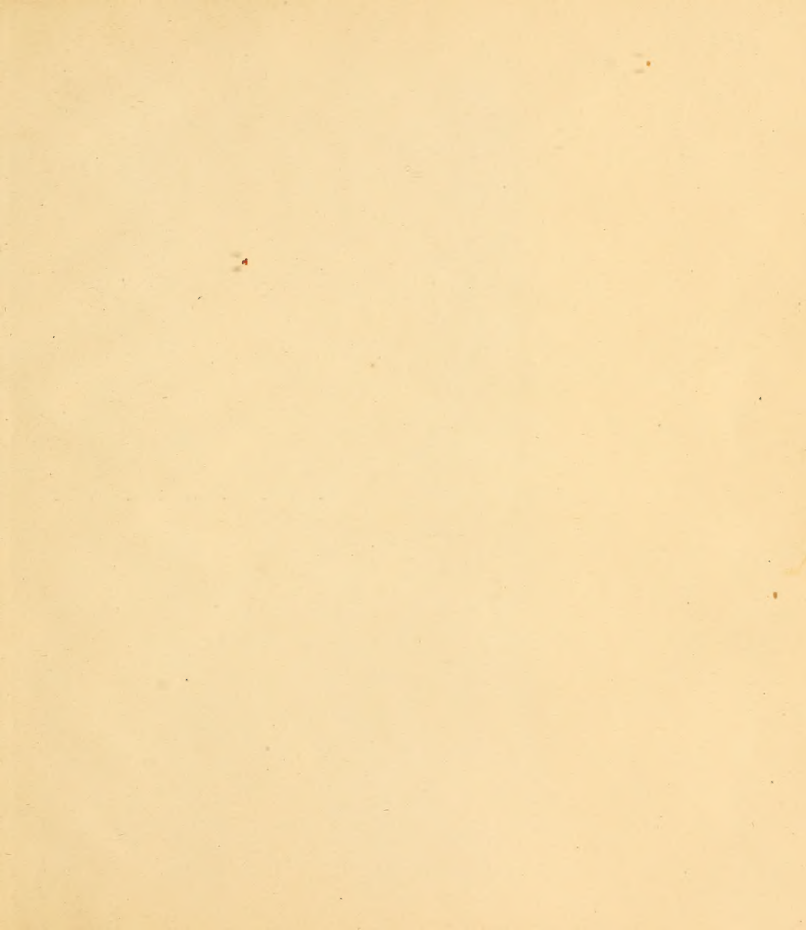
















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